



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 07479909 3

Rhymes and Verses



Grinnell Willis



10 Astor

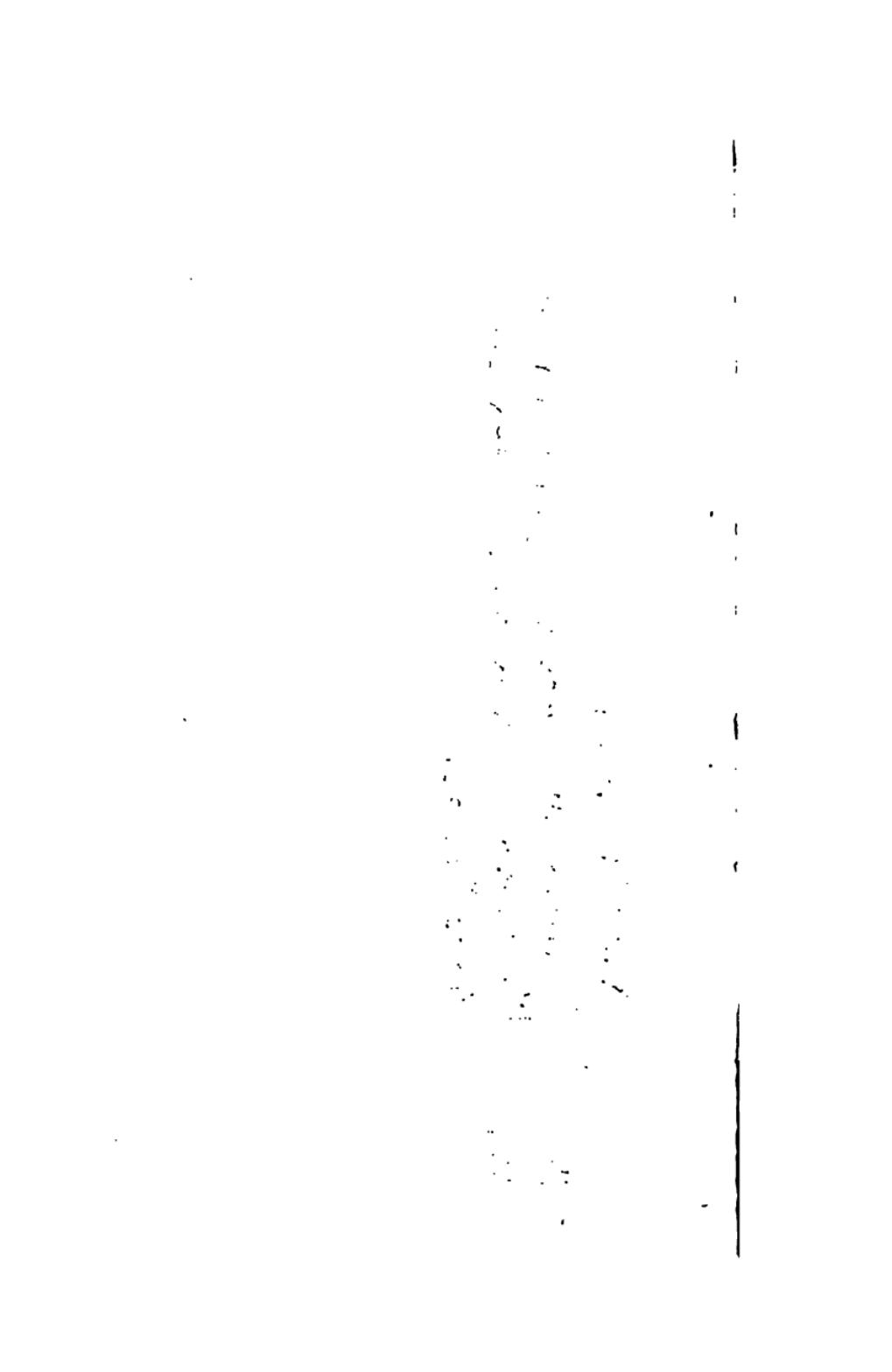
9
Q.W.

L.D.





**RHYMES AND VERSES
WRITTEN FOR THE FAMILY**



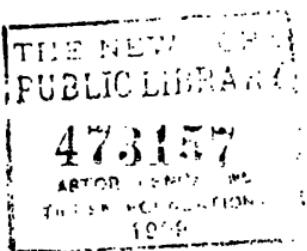
2- 19-1908
y=

RHYMES AND VERSES
WRITTEN FOR THE FAMILY
1880-1908

BY
GRINNELL WILLIS

privately printed
1908

Copyright, 1901 and 1908, by Grinnell Willis



Transfer from Circ. Dept. Muhlenberg Branch MDV 23 1908

To my Mother-in-Law

THE laws of the land are many and old,
Moses made some of them, so I am told;
But the bonniest law that ever I saw
Is my own, my jolly old mother-in-law.

Introduction to the Second Edition

I HAVE written these "Rhymes and Verses" from time to time, often without preparation, and many of them at a moment's notice, to express the fun or sentiment of an occasion. Their defects are many, and I claim no poetical merit for them. I said to a friend a short time ago: "This is not poetry." "No," he replied, "it is the heart singing." That expresses my feeling. The little volume bears its message from my heart to my family and my friends, as a loving remembrance of old times and happy days which are now memories of the past.

Affectionately,

GRINNELL WILLIS.

2

Contents

	PAGE
Christmas Rhyme, Sung at Every Christmas Gathering for Many Years	1
Lines to my Wife when We Moved into Our New House at Morristown, February 18, 1892. The Old Home Dressed Anew	8
Written for Cradle Sent to Annie Haydock, November, 1884	5
To Robert Haydock, Christmas, 1884	6
Read at Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Haydock's Fiftieth Wedding Anni- versary, 1839-1889	7
To Sara H. Baker, on her Birthday, March 2, 1891	9
To Sara H. Baker, when She Left Us and began Her Course in the Training School at "Bellevue"	10
Read at Mr. and Mrs. Haydock's Forty-ninth Wedding Anni- versary, Twelfth Street, January 27, 1892	11
To Mrs. Chinery, on her Eighteenth Birthday, February 29, 1892, from Hannah	14
Read at the Opening of the New Club House of the German- town Cricket Club at Mannheim, April 27, 1892	16
To Mary Drake, Christmas, 1898	20
To Robert Haydock, February 1, 1894	21

	PAGE
Mary's Birthday, 1895	23
Hannah sailed for Europe May 28, 1895. H. H. W.—Bon Voyage	24
To my Daughter Nina, 1895-1907	25
Eugene's Birthday, August 8, 1907	27
Anna Hallowell Graduated at the Harvard Annex, Proposing to Give her Life to the Classics, but Meeting Horace Davis Abroad, She Changed Her Mind. On the Announcement of her Engagement We Sent Her a Fleur-de-lis Pin, with the Following Lines: Hallowell vs. Horace	28
To Anna Hallowell and Horace Davis at the time of their Wedding	29
Anna Hallowell's Wedding. "Noddebo," November 28, 1895	30
Having stood God-father for F. V. Burton's Eldest Son, I Sent Him a Cup with the Following Lines Engraved on the Bottom of It. 1892	33
To Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Burton, on the Occasion of the Laying of the Corner-stone of their New Home, at Newburgh, N. Y., September 25, 1896	34
To Frank Stockton, Christmas, 1896	35
My Wife's Forty-eighth Anniversary	36
Christmas, 1897. The Christmas Chime	37
To Cousin Mary Parsons on her Seventy-fifth Anniversary, 1898	38
Lines Written in Mrs. Walter Cutting's House Book, Pittsfield, Mass., January 28, 1899	40
Written for the Engagement Dinner given to Ridley Watts and Gertrude Hoy, October 24, 1899	41

	PAGE
To my Nephew, Jack Hallowell, Right End of Harvard's Football Eleven, November 27, 1899. Harvard 17—Yale 0	43
A Twelfth Street Valentine	44
To D. S. Newhall. With a Hearth Brush for their New Home	45
These Lines were Sent with a Set of Glasses to Fred and George Moore and G. Fairfax Bush, with Whom I had Made Pleasant Expeditions on the Wheel	46
We Made a Visit to Uncle Charles and Mary Wharton at Newport. At Christmas Time Mary Sent a Shawl, with the Following Lines	48
Sent with a Fly Book to my Old Friend, Fisher Corlies	51
Sent with a Mince Pie to a Friend	52
To my Boy Joe, the Harvard Junior, May, 1901	53
To my Nephew, John White Hallowell, on his Graduation from Harvard, 1901	55
To my Aunt, Mrs. Joseph G. Grinnell, January, 1902	57
To my Wife, returning Home from Havana after a severe illness there, March, 1902	58
To my Family and Friends, on my Fifty-fourth Anniversary, April, 1902	59
To my Partner, Horace Chase Stebbins, Engraved in a Watch given to Him as a Wedding Present, November, 1902	63
To my Mother, Christmas, 1903.—Christmas Tide	64
Haydocks vs. Hallowells, Family Basque Championship, Jamestown, R. I., 1908	65
To Miss Osborn, a fellow Sufferer with Rheumatism, Christmas, 1904	67

	PAGE
To Wynant D. Vanderpool and my Daughter Nina, on the Occasion of their Engagement Dinner, February, 1905	68
To my Class, Harvard, 1870, Thirty-fifth Anniversary, June, 1905	70
Inscribed in a Watch given to M. H. Coggeshall when he left me to go into Business for Himself, September 1st, 1905	73
Read at our Thanksgiving Dinner, 1905	74
To Mrs. Wynant Vanderpool, Thanksgiving Day, 1905	75
To my Sister, Mrs. N. P. Hallowell, on her Sixtieth Anni- versary	77
Written from the Grand Canyon Hotel, Williams, Arizona, to Mr. Henry A. Stearns, March, 1906	78
Inscribed on Fourteen Medals Offered for Individual Competi- tion in a Team Match between the Morris County Golf Club and the Tuxedo Golf Club, September, 1906	80
To my Friend, John B. Morgan, Christmas, 1906	81
To my Wife, on the Thirty-second Anniversary of Our Wed- ding	82
Written for a Friend, to be Inscribed on a Cup for his God- daughter, 1907	84
Uncle Dudley's Party, Consisting of my Wife, my Niece, and Myself, in Europe, 1907	85
Uncle Dudley to the Home Folks, from the "Hospice of St. Gotthard"	97

RHYMES AND VERSES

}

*Christmas Rhyme, Sung at Every Christmas
Gathering for Many Years.*

Audience, awaiting Santa Claus, sings :

WELCOME all to-night,
We're glad you've come in time,
Sing with all your might,
Oh ! sing the Christmas rhyme.
Make the chorus ring,
Shout the loud applause,
Sing with all your voices, sing,
Hurrah ! for Santa Claus !

CHORUS:

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle loud and long,
How joyful is the music of this our Christmas song !
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle loud and long,
How joyful is the music of this our Christmas song !

RHYMES AND VERSES

We all love Santa Claus,
A merry man is he,
We'll shout our loud applause
And greet him merrily.
He has a heavy pack
With Christmas gifts galore,
He soon will come a-knocking,—
A-knocking at the door.—CHORUS.

Many homes to-night
Are waiting for his call,
Their welcome will be warm and bright
But ours is best of all.
Hark! He's coming fast,
Hear the sleigh-bells ring,
Now he's here at last—

Enter Santa Claus: All Hail! The Christmas King!—CHORUS.

Farewell, ring out the song.
Sing with all your heart,
Speed the parting guest along
If he must depart.

Let the echoes ring,
Shout the loud applause,
Sing with all your voices, sing,

Exit Santa Claus: Good-by to Santa Claus.—CHORUS.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Lines to my Wife, when We Moved into Our New
House at Morristown, February 18, 1892.*

The Old Home Dressed Anew.

HOME again! How sweet the sound
 Of that familiar word!
Our pulses thrill, our hearts rebound
 Again, when it is heard.
A year of absence brings us back
 To home, and all that's dear;
The setting of it may be new,
 But the old things still are here.
Our books and pictures greet us
 From their places on the wall,
And friendly faces meet us
 In answer to our call.
A new home? Yes; both old and new,
 But if we reckon o'er
What makes a home for me and you,
 The old one seems the more.

RHYMES AND VERSES

Old love that time has stronger made,
Associations old,
The children God has given us
To cherish and unfold,
A mother's smile and tender care
(The home's foundation wall)—
All these are home itself,
The essence of it all.
And so the new is still the old
Where hearts are strong and true,
And we are once more in the fold,
In the "Old Home Dressed Anew."

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Written for Cradle Sent to Annie Haydock,
November, 1884.*

A CRADLE is the emblem
 Of all that's pure and true,
A relic of the olden time
 And yet forever new.
It surely is the Mother's shrine,
 Her all is centered there,
And with a quiet, simple faith
 She offers up her prayer.
She offers love that knows no bound,
 Devotion pure as air;
An ear alert to every sound,
 A tender, watchful care.
Ah! doubly blessed are those who come
 To worship at this shrine,
True happiness unites their hearts
 And makes their love divine.

RHYMES AND VERSES

To Robert Haydock, Christmas, 1884.

ONCE more at home, at Christmas time,
 We gather at thy call,
Thy children and grandchildren,
 We are coming, one and all.
From East and West we're coming,
 A joyous, happy throng,
Our hearts are glad, and on our lips
 The merry Christmas song.
We've had our own Saint Nicholas,
 Our merry Christmas tree,
But better far than all of these,
 We're coming home to thee.
Thy presence is our beacon light,
 Our star by day, our guide by night.
God bless you both, your children pray,
 And keep you safe for many a day.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Read at Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Haydock's
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary,
1839–1889.*

'Tis the golden harvest time,
The richest of the year,
When nature dons her brightest dress,
And decks the fields and the wilderness
With glory far and near.

'Tis the time of peace and joy,
Of promises fulfilled,
Of barns well stocked with the ripened ear,
And even the haze in the atmosphere
By a sweet peace is stilled.

'Tis the golden time for you,
Life's harvest garnered well,
The peace of fifty years well spent
Has only love and sweet content
And happiness to tell.

RHYMES AND VERSES

May ever the golden blessing
Be yours, and ne'er depart,
 And the love of friends who have been so true,
 Who are present now to rejoice with you,
Be found in every heart.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Sara H. Baker, on her Birthday,
March 2, 1891.*

“**T**HY hands are such dear hands,
They are so full, they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With many trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times; they do
So many things so kind and true;”
And we, whose hearts are full, can only say,
While blessing thee from day to day,
Our love and sympathy are surely thine,
Enduring to the end of time.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Sara H. Baker,
when she left us and began her course in the
Training School at "Bellevue."*

DEAR friend, 'tis hard to say farewell,
And harder yet it is to tell,
In parting words, how strong the tie
We sever now in this good-bye.
We all shall miss thy gentle grace,
Thy willing hand and cheerful face;
No other friend thy place can fill,
Though absent we shall claim thee still;
God bless the work thou hast begun,
And guard thee in the years to come,
And when thy heart is weary, or alone,
Come back and rest in this thy home.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Read at Mr. and Mrs. Haydock's Forty-ninth
Wedding Anniversary, Twelfth Street,
January 27, 1892.*

BROTHERS and sisters young and old,
Here is a story to be told,
A rambling story full of fun
Of the jolliest family under the sun;
So blow the horn and ring the bell,
And hark to what I have to tell.

There is a dear lady whom all of us know,
Who lives in New York right opposite "Trow,"
And she and her good man are chock full of mirth,
A blessed old couple, the salt of the earth.
Their children are many, some there and some here,
But they all come together at least once a year
To bless and be blessed, and to offer a prayer
For the family circle in love gathered there.

The family stock is old and strong,
In Philadelphia they belong;

RHYMES AND VERSES

Fishers, and Whartons, and Haydocks too
Were raised in clover at old "Bellevue";
And Smiths and Mellors joined the throng,
While the numbers increased as the years rolled on
And Hallowell and Willis were counted in,
And the delegation from "Sandy Spring,"
And Storks and Haywards, and many more
Found the latch string of the door.
Ever a welcome warm and sweet
Met all at the door of "Old Twelfth Street."
The slave in distress has been taken in,
And the Quaker preacher stiff and prim,
The "merely eating friends" are fed,
And entertained, and put to bed,
And many a soldier in the war
Said his last farewell from this open door.
Here good advice was often spoken,
And words of cheer, or some little token
Slipped in the hand of the parting lad,
A trifle to make his heart feel glad;
Or children and grandchildren trooping in
With their everlasting noise and din,
And Santa Claus with his heavy pack,
Shouting to keep his reindeer back,
While the lads and lasses danced around,
To a song that made the walls resound—

RHYMES AND VERSES

All this, and much more, the door could tell
Of the many who've rung that well-worn bell.

We read of the joy of a cheerful heart,
And the good that love can do.
Does any home more love impart
Than this one which is open to you?
Can we number the heart strings that center here
Or the many friends that come
To pull the latch string year by year,
And call this spot their home?
Our home, thrice blest indeed,
And 'tis well for us to speak
The loving thoughts, in a time like this,
That come to those who seek.
So join the toast I offer you,
Our Father! Our Mother! tried and true,
God bless them, we pray,
And for many years more
May the latch string hang out
At the "Old Twelfth Street" door.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Mrs. Chinery, on her Eighteenth Birthday,
February 29, 1892, from Hannah.*

I WISH I was a baby,
A tiny dimpled thing,
To hear again the lullaby
My old nurse used to sing.

To roll about, and kick and laugh,
Without a thought or care,
Serenely happy, just to know
That my old nurse was there.

She always loved to bathe me
In my cunning little tub,
To wrap me in a blanket,
And give my back a rub.

She knew when I was hungry,
When my bottle I should take,
She watched while I was sleeping,
And amused me when awake.

RHYMES AND VERSES

She is a sweet old lady,
The babies' dearest friend,
Her touch is tenderness itself,
Her patience without end.

But stay! did I say old?
No, that can never be.
Youth, the Fairy, cares for her,
My Dear Old Chinery.

Others answer to the roll,
Each twelvemonth to a day,
And none may ever shun it,
Or have leave to stay away.

But when her star was lighted,
Youth said, "Be kind and true,
As you care for little children,
So I will care for you."

And we, Youth's servants, here to-day,
His bidding gladly do,
For leap year comes but seldom,
Eighteen leap years to few.



RHYMES AND VERSES

*Read at the Opening of the New Club House of the
Germantown Cricket Club at Mannheim,
April 27, 1892.*

THE cricket is a jolly elf
With a bright and cheerful song,
Who knows that ease and comfort
To an open hearth belong;
When the fire burns the brightest,
And the guests are coming in,
When hearts are at their lightest
You may hear the cricket sing.
So let our "Mannheim" cricket
Be the minstrel here to-night,
And sing his song of welcome
In the changing fire-light.

Let him tell to us the story
Of heroes, bold and true,
Of the boys who won our battles,
When cricketers were few;

RHYMES AND VERSES

Of faithful, honest effort,
 Of treasure freely given,
Of those who for the good of all
 Have long and nobly striven;
Of this fine hall, this castle fair,
 This homestead builded well,
The "Mecca" of all cricketers,
 Let our "Mannheim" cricket tell.

Cricket—the noble, ancient game,
Old England's sport,—of storied fame,
Coming a stranger and unknown,
In Germantown had found a home.
Back in the fifties, we can name
Such cricketers as Tom McKean,
And Welsh, and Patterson, and Brown,
The Old Guard of the Germantown.
The Newhalls, Wisters, and many more,
Whom we delight to number o'er,
And who were always in the van
When Young America began.

The lads were scarcely wicket high,
But iron nerve and practised eye
With steady bat, and nimble ball
Won frequent victory over all,

RHYMES AND VERSES

And made these clubs a household word
Wherever cricketers were heard.

Established thus by yeoman true,
The game in strength and favor grew,
And other clubs began to claim
Their share of local cricket fame.
But these two rivals in the race
Were always in the foremost place,
And every year the battle test
Found one of them to be the best,
Until with wisdom rarely seen,
Where rivalry has been so keen,
They thought to join the red and blue
And make one club where then were two.

So Young America was wooed
By Germantown, in earnest mood,
And, like a bride, gave up her name,
That both should have a nobler fame.

In union there is strength, 'tis said,
And when in time these two were wed,
Dame Fortune was an honored guest,
And gave the future her behest,

RHYMES AND VERSES

That ever to the White and Blue
Her Royal Legions should be true.

The "Germantown," now doubly strong,
Outgrew the home she'd known so long,
New fields, and larger quarters were
The urgent problems then for her.
It seemed indeed a giant task,
Almost too great for her to ask,
But only from the bended bow
Can we its strength and power know.
And promptly, to her earnest call,
Her sons gave answer, one and all,—
A sturdy answer, quick and true,
What you command, that we will do.

And so, this jewel in her crown,
This pride and joy of Germantown,
This home where old and young may find
Pleasure and sport of every kind,
Where recreation's song is sung,
And youth grows strong, and age grows young
Where honor is the lesson taught,
And all are gentlemen in sport,
This home, our "Mannheim," came to be
Their pledge to her of loyalty.

RHYMES AND VERSES

To Mary Drake, Christmas, 1893.

THE mountains of thy native home
Keep guard o'er those who go and come,
Their summits, lit with morning ray,
Bring the glad tidings of the day,
And sunset glow, and evening star,
Sweet messengers of comfort are.

So in thy quiet, restful way
Thee gives us strength from day to day,
Thy smile to us is morning cheer,
A blessing when the night draws near.
Thy presence is the sweetest thing
That old Saint Nicholas can bring—
A benediction to us all,
Which we shall evermore recall.

RHYMES AND VERSES

To Robert Haydock, February 1, 1894.

How still it is to-night!
The silence is so near,
Even the passing shadow
Seems to fall upon the ear.

Our very hearts are still,
And as we sit alone,
We listen for a step
Which we know is past and gone.

The presence which has blessed us,
From youth to manhood's prime;
The sympathy so ready,
The smile almost divine,

The tender heart so true,
The open, generous hand,
Are only memories now—
A mystery of the spirit land.

RHYMES AND VERSES

We grieve and yet we should rejoice
That such a life has been;
And that we have shared its blessing
With all our fellow men.

Death has no sorrow when it comes
In such a peaceful way,
And life will be the better
For each one every day.

RHYMES AND VERSES

Mary's Birthday, 1895.

We children three, and father one,
Planned with one another,
How we'd have a little fun
With our loving mother.

Mother's birthday soon will come,
The years we will not state,
But in our well-adjusted home
We always celebrate.

The thought perhaps was rash,
But with a laugh and chuckle,
We put in all our ready cash
And bought a silver buckle.

A trifle, say you?
Yes, but the love in such a token
Makes a tie between us
That never can be broken.

RHYMES AND VERSES

Hannah sailed for Europe May 23, 1895.

H. H. W.—Bon Voyage.

THE name of my girl is Whistle-de-dee,
A bonny lass you'll find her,
She has sailed away across the sea,
And left me far behind her.

She is the apple of my eye,
Her smile is life to me,
I know she'll come back by and by
From far across the sea.

May every wind that blows be fair
And ocean's temper mild,
God bless thee, is thy father's prayer,
My love! My darling child!

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Daughter Nina,
1895 to 1907.*

1895.

EIGHTEEN years ago to-day
A bit of sunshine came my way,
A rosy, dimpled, laughing thing,
As full of life as a bubbling spring.

You would not forget
If you had seen her—
My dimpled girl,
My lovely Nina.

They tell me she is of age to-day,
That the years have taken my girl away,
But I have still a lady fair
With that lovely spirit dwelling there,
And, as of old, I still can trace
The laughing sunshine in her face,

Ah! You'll not forget
That you have seen her—
My lady fair,
My lovely Nina.

RHYMES AND VERSES

1905.

TEN years since then have come and gone,
Ten blessed years until this morn,
And I have still my lady fair
With whom I love all things to share.

She's happier than
I've ever seen her—
My lady fair,
My lovely Nina.

But I must, so the fates betide,
For her sake, I must stand aside;
Another claims her heart and hand
(The sweetest one in all the land).
He is true-hearted, tender, strong,
He, too, has dearly loved her long,
He comes to her by Heaven sent,
And for her sake, I am content.

She's happier than
I've ever seen her—
My lady fair,
My lovely Nina.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Eugene's Birthday,
August 3, 1907.*

WINTER and spring and summer
For us have come and gone,
And their beauty and their glory
Have just been crowned this morn;
For my lady fair is lying
With a son upon her breast,
And in her face that wondrous light
Of Motherhood, like one that's blest;
And the grandson is the center
Of all the love we feel,
The object of our worship,
The shrine at which we kneel,
She's happier than
I've ever seen her—
My lady fair,
My lovely Nina.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Anna Hallowell Graduated at the Harvard Annex,
Proposing to Give her Life to the Classics, but
Meeting Horace Davis Abroad, She Changed Her
Mind. On the Announcement of her Engage-
ment We Sent Her a Fleur-de-lis Pin, with the
Following Lines:*

Hallowell vs. Horace.

BEHOLD the Harvard Annex Queen,
Staid and stately and serene;
Many a line of Greek she read,
At home it was her daily bread.
But when she crossed the raging sea,
And roamed among the Fleurs-de-lis,
Horace became the only book
Into which she cared to look,
And now she says she will translate him
Into Hallowell verbatim.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Anna Hallowell and Horace Davis
at the time of their Wedding.*

FULL many a cent
Is quickly spent
That should be for the family mending,
But this is sent
With the full intent
That the lovers shall do the spending.

RHYMES AND VERSES

Anna Hallowell's Wedding.

“*Noddebo,*”
November 28, 1895.

OLD “Noddebo” is gay to-night
With merry voices sounding,
Her clans have come with faces bright
In love and mirth abounding.

They raise aloft the chorus
Echoed back by wall and rafter,
And old and young join in to swell
The merry song and laughter.

’Tis a wedding feast to-night,
The first in this dear home;
A crowning joy of years gone by,
And hope for years to come.

RHYMES AND VERSES

Oh light of life! so wonderful!
No human thought divining,
It comes to us without our wish
Or even our declining.

It burns in us from youth to age,
The reason none can say;
We only know that life is ours
To live as best we may.

We see it lighted when our girls
And boys to us are given,
And know that they must work and strive
As we ourselves have striven.

We raise them up to maidenhood,
To manhood and their prime;
And hope they may be blessed in life,
As we were in our time.

Their homes will be where love is known
If ours have been the same,
And they will value most from us
Example's cherished name.

RHYMES AND VERSES

And when the hour of parting comes,
As it has come to-day,
We send them forth in hope and trust
Rejoicing on their way.

'Tis always hard to say good-bye,
But when their wings are grown
The birds from out the nest must fly:
Their problem is their own.

From us, no time, nor absence
Can separate them ever;
Our hearts are one, beyond the power
Of circumstance to sever.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Having stood God-father for F. V. Burton's
Eldest Son, I Sent Him a Cup with
the Following Lines Engraved
on the Bottom of It.*

1892.

My boy, it is a priceless gift
To bear thy father's name,
A heritage of honesty,
A stepping-stone to fame.
The world has naught of gear nor gold,
Nor fields, nor woodlands fair,
Nor castled halls, nor kingdoms old,
More precious or more rare.
Cherish the name, revere it, boy,
Be staunch, be strong and true.
The scion of a worthy sire,
The truest of the true.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Burton, on the Occasion
of the Laying of the Corner-stone of their
New Home, at Newburgh, N. Y.,
September 25, 1896.*

HOME is the place that thrills the heart,
And stirs the tide of feeling,
Of our best selves it is a part,
The shrine where all are kneeling.

Love keeps his fires burning there,
And friendship finds the open door,
Sweet childhood comes to claim its share,
Widening the circle more and more.

And so the daily thought and care
Of every man is Home, Sweet Home,
'Tis present with him everywhere,
He lives and works for them alone.

May love and skill guide heart and hand
To build your castle firm and fair,
And fortune's choicest gifts befall
All those who dwell or enter there.

RHYMES AND VERSES

To Frank Stockton, Christmas, 1896.

I KNOW a merry man, with a twinkle in his eye,
He nods a merry nod to every passer-by,
He's a neighbor and a friend whom everybody knows,
And he finds a cordial welcome everywhere he goes.
He has friends to do him honor, and glory when he
 needs it,
When he writes a funny story everybody reads it—
Guess my riddle if you can, who will name my merry
 man?
His renown will never change while the world reads
“Rudder Grange.”

RHYMES AND VERSES

My Wife's Forty-eighth Anniversary.

At forty-eight 'tis not too late
To lay some claim to youth,
A little gray, perhaps, you'll say,
And that's the honest truth.
But we can sing the song of Spring,
And keep our spirits gay,
And thou wilt be the same to me,
My true love every day.

But why repine at loss of time,
Or count our vigor past?
Youth is a swain who'll long remain
With those who hold him fast.
If in our hearts his sunshine is,
His welcome at the door,
We both will say, with each birthday,
We're younger than before.

RHYMES AND VERSES

Christmas, 1897.

The Christmas Chime.

WE hear, like those of olden time,
The music of the Christmas Chime,
Telling its story again and again,
Of “Peace on earth, good will to men”—
That beautiful story told so well
By the sound of the joyous Christmas bell.
It seems of Christmas-time a part,
Finding an echo in every heart,
And everywhere throughout the land
Its tokens pass from hand to hand.
So may we our voices raise
With thankful hearts in songs of praise,
As joyful as the merry chime
That rings so clear at Christmas-time.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Cousin Mary Parsons on her
Seventy-fifth Anniversary, 1898.*

If we're alive
At seventy-five,
 We all would like to be
As blithe and spry
And keen of eye
 And full of fun as thee.

In very truth
The springs of youth
 Have been, and still are thine,
And thou canst say
That locks of gray
 Do not their ends define.

Why then let fears
Of failing years
 Beset us, when we see
How bright and gay
In every way
 Life always seems to thee?

RHYMES AND VERSES

Come, take the cup,
And fill it up,
 And pledge the wish with me:
“May every year
Bring health and cheer,
Our honored guest, to thee.”

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Lines Written in Mrs. Walter Cutting's House
Book, Pittsfield, Mass., January 23, 1899.*

IT is not always length of days
That makes a friendship strong—
One heart may know another,
Though acquaintance be not long;
A word of cordial greeting,
A look, a smile, may mean
The sure and true foundation
Of mutual esteem.
I write my name in parting,
And much my heart would tell,
And I only can express it
In the good old word "Farewell."

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Written for the Engagement Dinner given to
Ridley Watts and Gertrude Hoy,
October 24, 1899.*

A YOUNG man paced with anxious stride,
Up and down, from side to side.
Oh! Ho! says I, Watts up, my boy!
Says he, I've lost my "Ship-a-Hoy,"
The finest craft that ever sailed,
Alas! Alack-a-day, he wailed,
It would have been a lasting joy
To change her name to Watts from Hoy.
Avast! says I, it's not so bad,
Come, take a brace! Cheer up, my lad!
Such wild despair will never do,
She's wondering Watts become of you,
And sailed off on a cruise, you know;
Be sure you'll have her soon in tow.
I think if you'll consult the log,
You'll find she's shaped her course for Quogue,
Down where the summer breezes blow,
Where days are long, and time is slow,

RHYMES AND VERSES

Where lovers wander on the beach
Out of sight and out of reach,
Whispering and murmuring like the sea,
That old, old story of you and me.
He smiled and started off that way,
And when I crossed his bows one day,
His deep despair was turned to joy,
He had in tow his "Ship-a-Hoy."

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To my Nephew, Jack Hallowell, Right End of
Harvard's Football Eleven,
November 27, 1899.*

Harvard 17—Yale 0.

“H” STANDS for Fair Harvard,
Who mothers us all,
For her heroes who gladly
Respond to her call;
For the Honors they've won
In serving her well,
And for her “Right End,”
John White Hallowell.
Play straight and play strong, my lad,
Honest and sure,
And your fame at Fair Harvard
Shall ever endure.

RHYMES AND VERSES

A Twelfth Street Valentine.

IN the merry days of youth,
When life was all a rhyme,
What a jolly thing it was
To write a valentine!
Or if you had a cent or two,
Like some one I could name,
You'd skip around the corner,
And buy one from "M. Lane."
A gushing, blushing missive,
With hearts and flowers on it,
And printed at the bottom
A lovely little sonnet.
Can hearts that fifty seasons know
Recall that golden time?
And heads a little tinged with snow
Enjoy a valentine?
Yes; memory gives an added zest,
The ripened fruit is always best.

RHYMES AND VERSES

To D. S. Newhall.

With a Hearth Brush for their New Home.

THE brightest spot on the earth is home,
And when one calls that spot one's own,
And gives to every nook a share
Of individual, watchful care,
Planning each room to suit its guest,
And please each varying fancy best;
Ah! then perfection is attained,
And sweet content for all is gained.
But yet, perchance, by hook or crook,
There may remain a vacant nook
Whose furnishing, a little scant,
May welcome still an occupant.
If this by the fireside chance to be,
Reserve it, if you please, for me,
A humble applicant for fame
Who seeks to hang beside the crane.
May the light of thy fire for thee ever shine,
And the warmth of its welcome be thine for all time.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*These Lines were Sent with a Set of Glasses to Fred
and George Moore and G. Fairfax Bush,
with Whom I had Made Pleasant
Expeditions on the Wheel.*

WHAT, ho ! My Benedicts ! My boys,
Beware the tempting cup ;
But when your uncle comes around,
Fill up ! my boys, fill up.

What matter if our Potts is late
Or the "Cynics'" shafts strike home,
Or nephew Bush indulge his fad
Of guying all who come.

We've ridden many a jolly mile
Down many a dizzy coast,
And as we hope for many more,
Come join your uncle's toast.

RHYMES AND VERSES

The wheel! The wheel! our trusty steed,
So speedy and so sure;
We'll ride it on o'er hill and dale
While health and strength endure.

And so, good luck! My Benedicts!
Fill up the glass, I say!
We've many a mile before us yet,
And many a holiday.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*We made a Visit to
Uncle Charles and Mary Wharton at Newport.
At Christmas Time Mary Sent a Shawl,
with the Following Lines:*

I THOUGHT I'd like to write a rhyme
To go with Mary's shawl,
But I seemed to stick at every line,
And couldn't write at all.
My wife she wanted something fine,
Full of sentiment and love,
Hearts a-heaving and a-sighing
Like the billows in your cove.
Of course I couldn't quite agree,
As husbands won't, sometimes,
And that's the reason why you see
I'm sending you these lines.
I want to give you solid chunks
Of our appreciation
Of Newport hospitality,
Without exaggeration.

RHYMES AND VERSES

You took us both clean off our feet
When we stayed with you last Summer,
That ranch of yours is hard to beat—
What we should call a hummer.
It isn't very much for trees,
Bananas wouldn't thrive,
But then you always have a breeze,
And can always take a drive.

The visitor arising
Before the break of day,
Would see our host and stalwart sons,
In very light array,
Disporting in their bathing tent
Like bull-frogs on the shore;
And every minute in they went
The bottom to explore.

All through the day the sailing
And tennis took our time,
And when the bell for dinner rang
You found us all in line.

When evening came we took our ease,
Not caring to be active,
And found the porch and summer breeze
By far the most attractive.

In fact, that breeze so soothing was
That many a nod was seen,

RHYMES AND VERSES

And many a nap and solemn pause
 And many a pleasant dream,
Until our host would rise and say,
 “Wake up! The *Pilgrim's* coming!
I see her lights far up the bay
 And hear her paddles drumming!”
And when that wondrous show was gone
 No more was ever said,
The lights were all put out at once,
 And the family went to bed.
'Tis thus, dear people, we recall
 That pleasant summer day,
And memory lets her mantle fall
 On this my humble lay.
May Santa Claus his blessing give
 To all of you and yours,
The pleasure you have given
 Its own reward assures.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Sent with a Fly Book to my Old Friend,
Fisher Corlies.*

FISHER and Fishing both have F
For their initial letter,
And when Fisher goes a-fishing
No fellow fishes better.

But when a fellow fishes
With Fisher for his friend,
That fishing is ideal,
And friendship crowns the end.

RHYMES AND VERSES

Sent with a Mince Pie to a Friend.

EMBLEM of the Yankee feast,
Choicest dish of all the East,
Could I wish, I would that I
Should always have a piece of pie.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Boy Joe,
the Harvard Junior,
May, 1901.*

MR. JOSEPH G. WILLIS, of Harvard renown
Returned for a day to his own native town;
The girls found it out and at once promptly called,
And Joe said, "Of course," and was nowise appalled.
He jollied them all, and made many a pun,
He's a careless young lad, with his jokes and his fun.

Clapp of Yale, it was thought, o'er the hurdles could go,
But Joe said, "You'll find him a few seconds slow,
I mean to defeat him and thus make a hit;
In fact, I will make a sure point of it."
He's a rapid young man, this Joe, with his feet,
And the "Elis" found out that he couldn't be beat.

Joe's a jolly good lad, as every one knows,
But he has a sad way of borrowing clothes;
It's all right at Harvard, they don't seem to mind,
And if a thing fits, they call it a "find."

RHYMES AND VERSES

But he wore father's coats and his shirts and his shoes,
And anything else that he thought he could use.
And father, surprised, said he didn't quite know
What to say when his clothes appeared upon Joe;
But he laughed, and he chuckled, and said, "Well, that
shows
It's a very fine thing to have plenty of clothes."

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Nephew,
John White Hallowell,
On His Graduation from Harvard,
1901.*

HELLO, Jack! just a word, my lad,
To go with a shake of the hand,
For to-day is the day of parting,
For you and the rest of the band.
You've a smile on your face,
And you're glad, you will say,
But it's hard to part
With the boys to-day.

You may well be glad
Of your record, boy,
You've a right to rejoice
With an honest joy.
It is great to come of an honored line,
The son of a worthy sire,
To have the opportunity
To be something better, higher.

RHYMES AND VERSES

To tread the path your father trod,
 Your brothers all before,
To win the prize they won,
 And something more.
Yea, something more,
 For the road is rugged now,
'Tis harder every year
 To win the laurel bough;
The competition is more keen,
 The standard higher set,
And numbers pressing forward
 Make the struggle harder yet.

But to-day is yours;
You've placed your name
 On Harvard's record high;
'Twill be an inspiration
 To others by and by.
God bless you, lad,
 The future opens fair;
May fortune and success attend
 Your footsteps everywhere.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Aunt,
Mrs. Joseph G. Grinnell,
January, 1902.*

MY DEAR AUNT LEE:

My visit was short, but very sweet,
And my thought with pleasure turns
Back to thy gentle presence,
Where thy "Friendship Fire" burns.
Peace comes to all who enter there,
And rest from strife and stress,
And love waits on thy bidding
With infinite tenderness.
Long may it be my privilege
To enter at thy door,
Sit with thee beside the fire
And learn wisdom from thy store.

Affectionately thine,

GRINNELL WILLIS.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Wife,
Returning home from Havana after
a severe illness there,
March, 1902.*

SPRING is coming fast, my dear,
The waiting time is almost o'er;
The skies will all be bright and clear
When thou art home once more.

Though trying fortunes have beset
Thy footsteps on a foreign shore,
Good cheer and health await thee yet,
When thou art home once more.

Thy friends, whose love has followed thee
When thou wert sick and sore,
With joyful hearts will welcome thee
When thou art home once more.

And I, thy humble, faithful swain,
Will open wide the door,
And greet thee with a glad refrain,
A welcome home once more.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Family and Friends,
On My Fifty-fourth Anniversary,
April, 1902.*

My friends and my relations,
I accept your salutations,
You are kind and very generous,
I am sure;

But it seems a little hard
To remind a fellow pard,
Of his years, and age for which
There is no cure.

Time slips away so fast,
That nothing seems to last,
And to-morrow is to-day
Before we know it.

We think we're very clever
And say youth will last forever,
But he turns us down in silence,
And we show it.

RHYMES AND VERSES

My family, I observe,
Are onto every curve;
I might say I'm only forty
And no more;

But in a way provoking,
They'd laugh and say you're joking,
For, Grandpa, we know
You're fifty-four.

We're a very merry crowd,
Often queer, but never proud.
To our friends the door is always
On the latch;

We play at every game
No matter what its name,
And every now and then
We win a match.

Mother loves to make a call,
Leaving cards for one and all,
And keeping all our social
Duties square;

And she'll never lose a chance
For a party or a dance,

RHYMES AND VERSES

With the children, you will always
Find her there.

Hannah Willis is away,
I much regret to say;
Her duty prevents her
Being here;

But she's filling well her part,
With a brave and loyal heart,
You are one in a thousand,
Hannah dear.

Little Nina, jolly girl,
Lives in such a busy whirl,
I wonder how she ever can
Get through it;

She has to ride her horse,
And play golf around the course,
And tennis if there's ever
Time to do it.

Joe is off at Harvard College,
In hot pursuit of knowledge,
He's a runner, very rapid
With his feet.

RHYMES AND VERSES

They say he shines at night,
Being quite a social light,
And a very merry lad
 He is to meet.

And the last, the little one,
Is Hannah's sturdy son,
A rosy little chap
 He's said to be;

He will soon assert his right
To rule us in his might,
For the world bows down
 To such as he.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Partner,
Horace Chase Stebbins,
Engraved in a watch given to him
as a wedding present,
November, 1902.*

My lad, we've weathered storm and stress,
And journeyed on in sun and shine;
With thankful heart your love I bless,
And you, I know, feel sure of mine.
The times gone by we treasure here
In memory's store and hold them fast,
And may we ever hold as dear
The times to come, when they are past.
A sweet new life has come to you,
Bringing joy and love divine;
Be true to her, my lad, be true,
As this sure keeper of the time.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Mother,
Christmas,
1903.*

Christmas Tide.

IN olden time sweet songs were sung,
 Of "Peace on Earth," to all good will,
And chimes at Christmas-time were rung,
 To mind men that Love blessed them still.

And so to-day, Love sways our hearts
 To generous impulse, far and wide,
And every gift we send imparts
 The Love of God at Christmas-tide.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Haydocks vs. Hallowells,
Family Bazique Championship,
Jamestown, R. I.,
1903.*

WHEN the Haydocks and the Hallowells meet,
Be sure it is indeed a treat;
And one in every way unique
To see the "Giant" play Bazique.
He thinks he knows full well the game,
And makes his rules to suit the same,
And when he lays four aces down
You'd surely think he owned the town.
But on the other side just now,
There's "something doing," I'll avow;
Just listen to that "hard luck tale,"
And those loud cries of woe and wail,
You'd think the end had surely come,
But wait, the fun has just begun,
For out of all this toil and trouble
Mary has just declared a "Double"!!

RHYMES AND VERSES

How she got it no one knows,
But added to the score it goes,
And you can put it down as true
When things are looking very blue,
And "hard luck tales" are floating round,
A Double Bazique will soon be found.
Alas! poor "Giant"! It is not the rule
They taught you at the Hallowell school,
But if you really wish to win,
Get the Haydocks to take you in,
They are the girls you want for "Pards,"
For they know how to hold the cards.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Miss Osborn,
A fellow sufferer with Rheumatism,
Christmas, 1904.*

We've tried 'most every remedy,
That mortals can suggest,
The quiet little exercise,
And the energetic rest.
We've taken many waters,
And every diet we could use,
We've been rubbed and burned and branded,
And had powder in our shoes.
But still we come up smiling,
As happy as can be,
For Santa Claus is coming,
To visit you and me.
Our trials, cares, and troubles
Will fade and pass away,
When night gives way to morning
And we greet the Christmas Day.
The day of blessing, giving,
Of love and hope divine,
The brightest day of all the year,
The Merry Christmas-time.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Wynant D. Vanderpool and My Daughter Nina,
on the Occasion of Their Engagement Dinner,
February, 1905.*

I BEG to announce, and my language is true,
That Winnie and Nina at last have come to,
And decided, though late, it is better by far
Their fortunes to join, than to stay as they are.
He being quite bashful and timid withal
Let "Leap Year" go by awaiting a call,
And Nina, although she had such a good chance,
Kept waiting and waiting for him to advance;
And so in this delicate matter of wooing
The whole year went by and nothing was doing.
Father Vanderpool knitted his brows in deep thought,
And his wife wished that Winnie would do what he ought,
Mother Willis kept hoping and planned on the sly,
And Father said all would come right by and by;
But still in this delicate matter of wooing,
Time kept slipping by and nothing was doing.
Meanwhile Father Willis—deliberate man—
Thought he had discovered a very good plan;

RHYMES AND VERSES

And one evening when Winnie just happened to call,
In a casual way, not pressing at all,
Said, "Winnie, my lad, you look ill to-night;
I can tell you what surely will set you all right.
Just come to Augusta with Nina and me
And we'll have for a week a good golfing-bee."

He said,—“Yes,”—and, of course, a threesome was meant,
And the game was begun with honest intent.
But before a great while it was easy to see
It would soon be a onesome or a lonesome for me.
Then all of a sudden there came a great light—
Winnie saw it and told Nina of it one night.
And now they both wonder why it should be
That they never before such a vision could see.

How sweet is the story, and always so old,
Yet as new as the morning whenever 'tis told.
With a smile and a welcome it came the first day;
As it has come forever, so it will come for aye.
True love brings its blessing to the old and the young,
And its music is sunshine wherever 'tis sung.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Class,
Harvard, 1870,
Thirty-fifth Anniversary,
June, 1905.*

We meet to-night at fifty-eight,
And realize how time has flown,
And value most our honest mate
Who loves us for ourselves alone;
The friend whose loyalty you've tried,
Whose heart is ever straight and true,
You'll give up all the world beside
And keep him ever close to you.
There's Tom, the steady, the true blue,
Your place is warm within my heart,
One never turns in vain to you
To do the full and manly part.
And Sam, whose spirit never wanes
In any stress of circumstance,
Whose sparkling wit fresh vigor gains
From every change of thought or chance;

RHYMES AND VERSES

He lords it over us to-night,
And drives his shafts with reckless aim,
While we enjoy their harmless flight,
And say, "Oh! Sam he 's just the same"—
We're all the same, the same old boys,
Though thirty years and five have gone
We laugh and sing and make a noise
As though it was our Freshman morn,
And once again old Jones's bell
Disturbs our dreams as in the past;
To chapel we all rush pell-mell,
Each fearing he may be the last—
The dear old yard is dressed anew
And unfamiliar to our eyes.
But we can call the old one back,
As though it was a glad surprise—
And many details of our life,
That seem sometimes so far away
Are all before us clear and bright,
A picture as of yesterday—
And so I say 'tis not too late
To lay some claim to youth,
A little gray perhaps you'll say,
And that's the honest truth,
But let us sing the song of spring,
And keep our spirits gay;

RHYMES AND VERSES

There's a merry side to everything,
Some sunshine every day—
Do not repine at loss of time
Or count our vigor past,
Youth is a swain who'll long remain
With those who hold him fast.
If in our hearts his sunshine is,
His welcome at the door,
We all will say each meeting day
We're younger than before.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Inscribed in a Watch
Given to M. H. Coggeshall when
he left me to go into business
for himself,
September 1, 1905.*

To gain and keep the love of those
Who journey with us on our way
Brings happiness and sweet repose,
And makes life nobler day by day.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Read at Our
Thanksgiving Dinner,
1905.*

THIS is Thanksgiving Day,
The day in olden time
When New England's sons and daughters
Came to worship at her shrine—

The day when men of Eastern birth,
Though far away they roam,
Turn to that hallowed spot of earth,
Their old New England home.

And we, who hail from Massachusetts,
Accept the greeting that she sends,
And pledge in love and thankfulness
Our old New England friends.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Mrs. Wynant Vanderpool,
Thanksgiving Day,
1905.*

I HAVE a friend from Yankee-land,
She is my friend-in-law,
She's about the jolliest person
That anyone ever saw.

She has a way, a winning way,
(Her son's a winner, too,
He won my daughter Nina,
Which is no small thing to do.)

And in her way, her winning way,
She says with face serene,
This is my anniversary,
The sixtieth one I've seen.

RHYMES AND VERSES

Well! of course, it may be so,
But if she'd said thirty-two
It would be easier to believe
For folks like me and you.

But thirty-two or sixty,
Whichever one you say,
We wish her well and drink her health,
This bright Thanksgiving Day.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Sister,
Mrs. N. P. Hallowell,
On Her Sixtieth Anniversary.*

SIXTY years of blessed living,
Always loving, always giving;
Always spending thought and care,
Open handed everywhere.

Love has always blessed thy life,
Easing all its strain and strife,
And thou hast given it again
Tenfold, like sunshine after rain.

We who share it, know it well,
More than any words can tell
And ever with us, day and night,
Thy presence is our heart's delight.

May love and sunshine ever be
The portion that is meant for thee,
And may they always light thy home
For many, many years to come.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Written from the Grand Canyon Hotel,
Williams, Arizona, to Mr. Henry A. Stearns,
March, 1906.*

MY DEAR SIR:

THE stations on life's journey
Are marked in many ways,
Some are soon forgotten,
Others treasured all our days.
There are scenes of striking grandeur,
There are troubles and delays,
But the friends we meet
We remember all our days.

We have traveled far away from home
For many and many a mile,
We have seen the snow-capped mountains
And the fields where flowers smile;
We have seen the Western ocean
Looking up with eyes so blue,
And we've "done" the "Golden State"
As other "Tourists" do.

RHYMES AND VERSES

From summer into winter
We have made our winding way,
From luxuriant orange ranches
Through the "Desert" in a day,
We were basking in the sunshine
A few short hours ago,
And now from a roaring fire
Look out on fields of snow,—
It is surely grand and beautiful,
We've enjoyed it all and yet
We recall with greatest pleasure
The friends that we have met.
For friends are a joy forever,
When hearts are strong and true,
And here's a health from both of us,
Dear friends, to all of you !

Yours sincerely,

GRINNELL WILLIS.

3.

lunch at the Hotel Canyon
Would make an ostrich cry,
'the only thing that saved it
Was a piece of apple pie.

G. W.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Inscribed on Fourteen Medals Offered
for Individual Competition in a Team Match
between the Morris County Golf Club and the
Tuxedo Golf Club,
September, 1906.*

MAY each one
Play the game,
Forgetting name or fame,
Just to win a simple
Honor for his side,
And may every jolly golfer
Give the best he has
To offer
And accept
Whatever fortune
May betide.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Friend John B. Morgan,
Christmas, 1906.*

OUR old acquaintance, thine and mine,
Can never fade or cease to be,
And all our days of "Auld Lang Syne"
Are precious still to thee and me.
I love to call them all to mind,
Those years of long ago;
Each one has round my heart entwined
A tie that no one else can know.
Oh! may the coming New Year send
The best of all that's good and sweet,
And love and happiness, dear friend,
Unite to make thy life complete

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To My Wife,
On the Thirty-second Anniversary of Our Wedding.*

FULL many an anniversary
Has come to thee and me,
Heartbreaking days have come with tears,
And happy days, with joy and glee.

We've had our clouds and sunshine,
Our shadows and our light,
But we've kept our love unsullied,
Our affection warm and bright.

Our fathers and our mothers,
In word and thought and deed,
Worked out their lives before us,
Their simple honest creed;

And we, by force of circumstance,
Less simple in our way,
Have wrought before our children
Our life work, day by day.

RHYMES AND VERSES

Our home like theirs has open been,
 Honest in thought and deed,
To many friends a pleasure,
 To many a help in need.

To manhood and to womanhood
 Our children here have grown,
And with their children go and come
 About the dear Old Home.

Oh! may we not rejoice
 To have lived so many years,
And reaped this glad fruition
 Of all our hopes and fears.

For more than thirty years
 We have lived and loved and striven,
And now with grateful hearts
 Thank God, for all that he has given.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Written for a friend,
to be inscribed on a cup for his god-daughter,
1907.*

EVER since the long-ago
To manhood and to youth
The cup has been an emblem
 Of loyalty and truth.
So in this cup I pledge to thee
The best I am, and hope to be.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Uncle Dudley's Party,
Consisting of My Wife, My Niece, and Myself, in
Europe, 1907.*

THE visit of the Willises to Europe is my theme,
For many years a cherished hope
Indulged in as a dream;
But now they've crossed the ocean
And gaze with hungry eyes
On France, so green and beautiful,
Their first and glad surprise.

Father Willis had preceded them,
Just to try his hand,
And skipped to Paris in his car
And on to Switzerland,
Over mountain pass and valley
On to Italy, and then
Through strange and varied scenes,
To old and gay "Vienne."

RHYMES AND VERSES

A few wild oats were scattered there,
 Not enough to make a crop,
For Bailey he stopped Father,
 When he thought he ought to stop.
His tongue was twisted into knots,
 With "Merci Sil vous plait"
And "Danke sie" and "ja mein herr,"
 As all the Dutchmen say.
These languages are dreadful
 In this strange foreign land,
Plain English is much easier
 To talk and understand.

But I must cut my story short,
 He Westward found his way,
And Eleanor and Mother
 One fine September day,—
The ladies were in spirits gay,
 As Joe says, "full of prunes,"
They had not laughed so much, they said,
 In many, many moons.
Staid Mother, she had danced a jig
 One night upon the ship,
And Eleanor, of course, had found
 A beau upon the trip.
No railroad train for them would do,

RHYMES AND VERSES

“An automobile for mine,”
And there was Father on the dock
 And Eugene, polite and fine.
“Allez Eugene!” “Tournez à gauche!”
 Vite! Vite! They sped away,
Past many a picturesque chateau
 And many a peasant gay.
William the Conqueror’s Wayside Inn
 Protected them that night,
Its courtyard strange and gray with age,
 Its flowers, a delight.
They dreamt of ladies bright and gay,
 Of heroes strong and bold,
And took for gospel truth the tales
 The sly old Frenchman told.
The sun comes up as gay in France
 As all else seems to be,
And lends a brilliancy to things
 That makes them fair to see.
That morn the café au lait was hot,
 The eggs and chicken, hearty,
And everything was smiling
 On Uncle Dudley’s party.
“To Paris!” “On to Paris.”
 “A Paris!” was the cry,
“Allez Eugene!” “Bon jour Madame!”

RHYMES AND VERSES

“Good-by, Monsieur, good-by!”
Through many a wooded lane they passed,
 O'er many a mile they sped,
The villages and postal cards
 Almost turned Mother's head.
And then they came to “St. Germain”
 And the gardens of “St. Cloud!”
And passing o'er the hill,
 “Gay Paris” came in view.
Ah, Paris! Tres Magnifique!
 Tres, tres, bein beaucoup!
From far across the ocean
 We've come to visit you!
Oh! There's the “Arc de Triumph,”
 Of which we've oft heard tell,
And grand old “Notre Dame,”
 We know them both so well.
And then they passed across the Seine
 And down the “Champs Elysees,”
And wondered that they'd come so far
 And done it all so easy.

Well, Uncle Dudley's party
 In Paris was a sight,
They did the town and saw the shows,
 With unalloyed delight.

RHYMES AND VERSES

They spent his money in the shops,
And went to L'Opera,
The churches and "The Louvre,"
Where all the statues are.
They talked with every one they met,
In language strange and weird,
The thing they really wished to say
Was often sadly "queered."
Their French, indeed, was somewhat slim,
And often wouldn't go.
The Frenchmen's words came much too fast
And theirs came much too slow.
But still the days passed swiftly by,
Their visit soon was over.
Good-by! "Paris!" Good-by! We're off
To London via Dover.

LONDON! How can my pen describe,
In terms of verse or prose,
The ceaseless bustle of the streets,
Its dignified repose.
To have a porter take your bag,
With "'Ave a 'ansom, please, sir,'"
Was just like turning on
A cool, refreshing breeze, sir.
To read the signs upon the streets,

RHYMES AND VERSES

Of "Charing Cross" and "Waterloo,"
Was just as if some old-time friend
 Had come and shaken hands with you.
To Uncle Dudley's party,
 It seemed like getting home.
They loved the gray old mansions
 And old St. Paul's big dome.
They worshiped in the "Abbey,"
 And heard the choir sing
Those grand old hymns
 That seem to stir the very depths within,
And echoed upward through the aisles
 In tones so grand and sweet,
As tho' they'd reach to olden times
 And ancient heroes meet.
They learned the way to Regent Street,
 Where all the merchants dwell,
And knew the Burlington Arcade,
 And Liberty's as well.
They told of bargains wonderful,
 Of clothes and hats supreme,
And many a shilling went that way,
 And many a pound, I ween.

"Our days are passing swiftly by,
There are many things to see."

RHYMES AND VERSES

"Away!" says Uncle Dudley,
"We're off to the North Country."
They stopped at York, that staid old town,
With its roots in the long ago,
And saw its grand cathedral
And the ancient wall below.
And thence they passed to Edinburgh,
Scott's beautiful, peaceful town,
Which boasts his stately monument,
And the castle for its crown.
They rode to lovely Roslin,
And out to Holyrood,
And mounted up the castle walls
Where Scotland's heroes stood.
"Ah! Graceful Edinburgh," they said,
"Tis hard to turn away,
Perhaps our Uncle Dudley
Will bring us back some day."

Back again in London,
Uncle Dudley kept them going
To galleries and churches
Interesting and worth knowing.
They motored out to Hampton Court,
And wandered through its halls,
And gazed upon the pictures

RHYMES AND VERSES

That were mouldering on its walls.
They went to stately Windsor,
 That gem of England's crown,
Where Royalty has made its home,
 From early ages down.
Its turrets and its battlements,
 So grim and gray with age,
Are writ in terms heroic
 On History's living page.
In its chapels and its towers,
 Kings past and present dwell,
A royal home it is, indeed,
 And England loves it well.

“Hooray!” says Uncle Dudley,
 “ ’Tis as fine as fine can be,
But I want you to go to a place I know,
 That’s just as fine,” says he.
“ ’Tis a land of old-time memories,
 ’Way back in the yesterday,
The land of William Shakespeare
 And his wife, Ann Hathaway.”
So he found a car both swift and strong,
 And a man whose name was “Vesey.”
It held all hands, with bags and rugs,
 And “*Le Panier Vert*” quite easy.

RHYMES AND VERSES

They tarried first in Oxford town,
 Of storied fame and widely known,
A gray old place, it has a charm
 That is peculiarly its own.
Its colleges in ivy clad,
 Its courtyards carpeted in green,
Have echoed back the voice and tread
 Of the greatest men the world has seen.
The lad who enters there, comes out
 Prepared, mayhap, for church or state,
But priest or statesman, he will work
 To make *his land*, Old England, great.

“Come,” said Uncle Dudley,
 “This tour must go on.
I must get you away from the students gay
 And the grave and reverend Don.”
Forty miles or thereabout,
 Brought them to Stratford town,
To which our dear old William
 Has given such renown.
They saw the house where he was born,
 A funny little shack,
And the old settee, where Ann and he
 Made love away, ‘way back!
They saw his chapel and his grave,

RHYMES AND VERSES

By which the river flows,
Ann's cottage that he knew so well
 And everybody knows.
And then they went to Kenilworth
 And Warwick on the hill,
Where all the lords of Warwick lived,
 And where they're living still.
Ah! Warwick! There's a gem
 That beats your Uncle's rhyme,
With its memories past and present,
 For the future and all time.
What a lofty inspiration,
 To own those castle walls,
To walk within and sleep and dine
 In those old lordly halls.

But "Vesey" 's waiting with the car,
 He wants to get away.
They glide through Coventry's busy town,
 That night at Lincoln stay.
The morning was the twenty-fourth,
 Father and Mother's day.
A wedding anniversary,
 Hooray! they cried, Hooray!
The table was with flowers decked,
 Uncle Dudley saw to that.

RHYMES AND VERSES

The bride was beautiful as a queen
 In her new Paris hat.
The bridesmaid danced about her,
 Enjoying all the fun,
And the bridegroom looked as happy
 As if he'd just begun.
With lilies of the valley
 And chrysanthemums galore
They dressed the car and "Vesey,"
 Who was waiting at the door.
Up to the grand Cathedral
 They rode in perfect style.
And the organ played a welcome
 As they all walked up the aisle.
Old Lincoln, many brides and grooms
 Have entered at thy door,
And many a wedding party
 Has trod the old stone floor,
But a wedding anniversary
 Like this is seldom seen,
And a happier one will never come
 Beneath thy roof, I ween.

They journeyed on to Peterboro'
 And lunched at the Angel Inn.
If angels ever tarried there

RHYMES AND VERSES

They must have liked old gin.
The old Cathedral was great,
 Its Norman arches fine,
Such dignity and grand repose
 Expressed in every line.
Next went they on to Cambridge
 And saw that college town,
And the interesting student
 In his funny cap and gown.
And then the cheerful "Vesey"
 Drove them fifty miles or more,
And landed them in London,
 And the northern trip was o'er.

Now Uncle Dudley talked of ships,
 "We're homeward bound," says he.
"Get ready for the voyage
 Across the stormy sea."
What magic is there in that word!
 And what a cheerful sound,
It thrilled them through and through
 To say, "We'll soon be homeward bound."

RHYMES AND VERSES

*Uncle Dudley
to the Home Folks,
from the "Hospice of St. Gotthard."*

We've climbed and climbed this foreign stair,
Past many a sign that said beware,
And like our friend "Excelsior,"
We only asked for more and more.
The gates of Heaven seem open wide,
We almost hear the angels sing,
And far and near on every side
 The silence here, proclaims The King!
'Tis wonderful, and beautiful,
 And far away our fancies roam,
But turning westward waft a kiss
 To you, dear friends, at home, sweet home.









**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

1933-34 1915

May 26 1979

卷之三

JAN 27 1977

APR - 2 1917

